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Captain PAROLLES at *M-nden*.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

Captain PAROLLES at *M-nden*:

A ROUGH SKETCH FOR THE

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MOST RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated to TEMPLE LUTTRELL, Esq;

In Honour of his SPIRITED SPEECH on the 26th of MAY last.

BY THE

AUTHOR of ROYAL PERSEVERANCE, TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION, EPISTLE TO L—D M—F—D, &c.

Parolles.—" I am a Man whom Fortune hath *cruelly ſcratched*—I find *my Tongue* is too " *fool-hardy*; but my *Heart* hath the *Fear of Mars* before it, and of all his Creatures, not " daring the Reports of *my Tongue*."

Helena.—" You muſt needs be born *under Mars* when he was *retrograde*, you go ſo much " *backwards* when you *fight*."

Shakeſp.—All's Well, that *Ends Well*.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXVIII.

Captain PAROLLES at *M-nden*; &c.

AWAKE, ye Bards! and with *Pindaric* Fire
For *M-nden's Hero* boldly ſweep the Lyre.
To *Heroes* dithyrambic Strains belong:
Triumphal *Io Pæans* ſwell the Song!
With lofty Diapaſons aid the Muſe,
And grace thoſe Thoughts which *Clio*'s Smiles infuſe.
Th' *hiſtoric Pencil* ſhall attempt its Part,
And join with Energy a *Siſter-Art*;

The *Phydian Chiſſel*, too, its Tribute bring,
To eternize the Name I dare to ſing:
For bold is He who dares deſcribe *the Man*
In *Cæſar*'s Phalanx fit to lead the *Van*.

Reynolds! appear in *academic State* *,
By *George* made happy, and by *Genius* great.
To Art, like thine, this Preference is due:
Art, which brings Scenes *embody'd* to our View;
With waſteful War fills all the fervent Plain,
Makes Nations fight their Battles o'er again;
Lights up the Warrior's Eye, and nerves his Arm
In Conflict, bold, expreſſive, juſt, and warm;
Gives Captives *Fortitude*, and Victors *Grace*,
And brands the *Coward* with a *Linen-Face*.

* As *Profeſſor* of the Art of *Painting*, and *Preſident* of the *Royal Academy*.

Now,

Now, *Reynolds*, now your magic Pencil ſnatch,
And from *G-----ne* the *Tyger's* Fury catch!
Paint him by bluſhing *G--nby* keenly ey'd,
Mounted like *Mars*, and yet afraid to ride †;
Faintly attending, with reluctant Ear,
To *fighting Orders* which he durſt not *hear*.
For how can *Fleſh and Blood* behold, *unmov'd*,
War's dreadful Rage by *Maſquerade* improv'd!
The Ruſſian *Whiſker's* grim, infernal Air,
Muſt ſhock our Darlings of Saint James's-Square.
An Auſtrian *Jack-boot*, and protruded *Lip*,
May well ſurprize a *Lordling* with the *Hyp*.
See! where his Squadrons, eager for the Fray,
Graſp their Swords hard, and murmur at *Delay*.
The well-train'd Horſes feel their Rider's Hand,
With Ardour throbbing, and diſdain Command;

† "Marry, in a *Retreat* (as *Parolles* ſays) he *outruns* any Lacquey—in "*coming on* he has the *Cramp*." V. Shakeſpeare.

In

In boaſtful Neighings *Britiſh* Fire reveal,
And with Impatience court th' inciting Heel;
Foaming they pant th' impeding Space to clear,
And ſpurn their Foe in ſpirited Career.
Not ſo their *Captain!*—*Fear* and *Stupor*, mix'd,
Point him a Lump, inert, congeal'd, and fix'd.
His Troops lament (all Senſe of Motion fled)
A mere *Equeſtrian Statue* at their Head.
Orders on *Orders* minutely arrive,
And ſcarcely find this Son of *Mars* alive:
Pale, quiv'ring Lips to all the Ranks proclaim
This drooping, lily-liver'd, Warrior's *Shame*;
Diſcolour'd Cheeks betray his trembling Soul—
Fame, bluſhing, ſtrikes the *Daſtard* from her Roll.
G--nby, not thus aſtounded, feels the Word;
Forth ſprings his Steed, outflies his eager Sword!
His Squadrons, ardent as himſelf, obey,
And ruſh, like Hunters, on their trembling Prey.

Diſcerning

Diſcerning *Sl--per* * the ſtrange Contraſt ſees,
And curſes *S---v--le*'s womaniſh Diſeaſe;
Too long, alas! on *D--ſ-t*'s Sofas nurſt;
S---v--le, of all arm'd Braggarts, far the worſt;
Shiv'ring at *Orders*, of *Renown* afraid;
A *Swan's-Down Powder-Puff* from the *Parade*;
Stunn'd by the deep-mouth'd Cannon's barb'rous Sound †,
And ſhock'd that *noble* Forms ſhou'd riſque a Wound.
Let baſe *Plebeians* feel War's murd'rous Hand,
Whilſt *L--ds* are *ſafe* who *will not underſtand.*
Yet, my *ſpruce L--d*, thoſe Orders you convey,
Wiſe, or *unwiſe*, whole Armies muſt obey;
On thoſe depend the *Laurel* of the Day.

* See the *Evidence* on a celebrated Tryal.

† Here let the Reader turn to that exquiſite Deſcription which *Hotſpur* gives of a *cowardly priggiſh Lord*, in the 1ſt Part of Henry IV.—Shakeſp. ——"Were it not for theſe *vile Guns*, I wou'd *myſelf* have been a *Soldier*."

At *Saratoga* how its Growth was cropp'd!
Yet, was *B--g-yne* by ſudden Pannic ſtopp'd?
Ruſh'd he not on, unſuccour'd, unreliev'd;
By you (who once deceiv'd *your Chief)* deceiv'd?
Bid *Reynolds* paint the warlike *F--d-nand*,
Expecting Vict'ry from thy palſy'd Hand;
Anxious to ſee, when routed *Frenchmen* flew,
S--v--le (whoſe Birth might teach him *Shame*) purſue.
Death to his Eyes! how did your Gen'ral ſtand
Aghaſt, to ſee you *deaf* to all Command! *

At *Potſdam* thus th' hiſtoric Tints ſhall glow,
And *F--d-nand* his *baſhful* † *Hero* ſhow:

* *Lourd* comme un *Allemande*" (*very decent*, knowing G——'s Breed), as *Luc* moſt impudently and falſely ſaid of General *Burgoyne—encouraged!*

† The word *baſhful* here is uncommonly *emphatic*—See a certain modeſt and moſt compaſſionate *Sentence*.

But,

But, at *Saint James*'s, with a *Sully*'s Skill,
Mars ſhall ſubmit to weild th' *official Quill*;
With War's deſtructive Weapons make a Truce,
And riſe on Wings in common with a *Gooſe* *.
There the *Profeſſor* †, with his utmoſt Art,
Shall give your *Head* the Pref'rence to your *Heart* ‡.
There, unappall'd by *War*, the cool *G-----ne*
Shall top that Part a *Sempſtreſs* might ſuſtain;
For *Britain's* Honour urge her Troops to fight,
And iſſue Orders he ſhou'd bluſh to write;
With Viſage unembarraſs'd and ſerene,
Direct Attacks *unfelt*, and Storms *unſeen*;

* Not a Clerk in a *Secretary at War's Office* but can interpret this Line.

† The very juſtly-celebrated Sir Joſhua Reynolds, *academical Profeſſor* of Painting.

‡ " I have no doubt of your L--dſ--ps *Head*, if your *Heart* were but as *good*," ſaid the late *Mr. Pitt* to one of Capt. *Parolles*'s Family in the H. of C——; yet *Parolles* did not bluſter *then*—he had the Decency to counterfeit *Dumbneſs*, as he did *Deafneſs* ſome time *before*.

Retain

Retain his Colour, and, with placid Brow,
Plan an infernal Maſſacre for *H-we*;
Command Intrenchments to be forc'd at *Dark*,
And hardly ſtart at Pop-Guns in the *Park**:
But yet, *uncharg'd*, leſt they beſiege his Chair,
Behind it ſtands chirurgical *Adair* †,
With Styptics well-prepared to ſtaunch that Blood
At *M-nden* wiſely *ſav'd* for *England*'s Good.
O! were your Image, clad in complete Steel,
Hors'd on a fierce *Bucephalus* of Deal!
How wou'd the Tower-Wardours ‡ bleſs the Day
When from the Arms of *Fame* you ſlunk away!
Sav'd by *clear Orders*, well-miſunderſtood,
To have your martial Front cut out in Wood §.

* Fired on Rejoicing-Days, in St. James's Park, near *a certain public Office*.

† A Surgeon of moſt diſtinguiſhed Excellence in the Army.

‡ They ſhow Strangers the Tower of London.

§ Theſe ludicrous Figures of Old Engliſh Warriors with *wooden Faces* are mounted in the *Armoury* at the *Tower* on *wooden Horſes* in Battle-Array.

With

With *Edward's* * Sons you then might play your Part,
A ſtaring Figure arm'd, without a *Heart*.
Mail'd †, Cap-a-pee, from Helmet to the Spurs,
Fix'd on a prancing Steed that never ſtirs,
Vaſt Revenues to *Beef-Eaters* ‡ you'd bring,
A Raree-Show for *Children* and their ****.
Then might you boaſt a many-quarter'd Shield,
Full-charg'd with Trophies won in *M-nden*'s Field.
Supporters typical its Pride ſhou'd rear,
A tim'rous *Hare*, and more fugacious *Deer*;
With Ears (for then the Fool is *deaf*, 'tis ſaid)
Laid down in cloſeſt Contact with his Head §:

* Figured as at the Battle of *Creſſy*.

† i. e. covered with *Armour*.

‡ Yeomen of the King's Guard, ſo called from their meſſing in the Reigns of *Engliſh Hoſpitality* on *Beef*.—This was long before Lord *T-l--t* (under Lord *B-te*) introduced that parſimonious Œconomy of teaching the *Kitchen* of a *King of England* not to *ſmoke*.

§ *Pliny*, in his Natural Hiſtory, ſpeaking of *Deer*, ſays: "Quum *erexere* Aures, *acerrimi* Auditus; quum *remiſere*, ſurdi."——i. e. When they *prick their Ears*, their Hearing is very *quick*; when they *drop them*, they are *deaf*."

Prick'd up, the timid Things in Pannics fly;
Let down, they give their nat'ral *Fears* the Lye.
Thus Nature well her various Offspring ſuits,
Fitting *apt Ears* to her *moſt daſtard Brutes.*

Nor in your *Likeneſs* ſhall the *Sculptor* fail,
Carv'd in *cold* Marble, and in War as *pale.*
A lumpiſh Block, from all Senſation free,
Shall make the *Subſtance* and the *Work* agree *;
Inactive Stone keen Satire's Sting ſupply,
And ſpeak your Merits to th' indignant Eye.
Your Qualities no poignant Comment need,
Hewn in a *Libel* which all Fools may read:
No dread *Alcides* in a *Lion*'s Skin;
The *Calf*'s without ſhou'd mark the *Wretch* within †.

* Inſomuch that no *Macaroni Connoiſſeur* might be able to ſay, with *Ovid*,
——" *Materiam* ſuperabat *Opus*——"

† *A wretched Character* indeed! as our *Parolles* retorted on a *ſpirited Speaker*—The Author in this Line alludes to *Faulconbridge*'s Sneer on the Duke of Auſtria in King John, viz.—" Hang a *Calves-Skin* on thoſe *recreant* Limbs."—Shakeſpeare.

But where to place this highly-finiſh'd Block?
This *public*, or this *private* Laughing-Stock?
Shall *Tatterſall*'s equeſtrian Circus ſtrive
'Midſt *Grooms* and *Peers* * to keep your Fame alive?
Or is a *Royal Riding-Houſe* more fit
To ſcreen your *Valour* from Newmarket Wit?
Beneath that Roof in *Triumph* you may ride,
Where *Luttrell*'s Spittle cannot wound your Pride.
There *Pinchy*'s † Praiſe and *G—'s* you'll engage,
The *Cœur de Lion* of the preſent Age:
There *G—* your *Virtues* with a Smile ſhall own,
And *Whitehead*'s ‡ Muſe to *Mars* inſcribe the Stone:

* *Pares* cum *paribus*---whilſt the firſt Nobility in the Kingdom condeſcend to aſſociatewith the common *Black-Legs* of the Turf.

† —"*Thou beſt K—'s Friend!*"——See Ode to Mr. *Pinchbeck* on his new-invented Patent Candle-Snuffers.

‡ *Poet-Laureate.*

There

There *B-te* in *Erſt* * his *Judgment* † ſhall expreſs,
Nor *Envy*'s Self once wiſh your Honours *leſs*.
Thrice happy State! when *Greatneſs* lives exempt
From vulgar Praiſe, and holds it in Contempt;
When ſupercilious *Ignominy* feels
No ſhouting Crowds retard her Chariot-Wheels,
But (ſaving ſuch Applauſe as *Guineas* bring ‡)
Can paſs as much *neglected* as a K——.
Let *Faction* gall, let Tongues *unbrib'd* attack;
Yet *Fav'rites* fight with *Harneſs* § on their Back.

* All true *Caledonians* are particularly proud of their knowledge in this *very elegant* Language (the original Gibberiſh of their Country), far ſuperior, as they boaſt, to all other Languages in point of *Copiouſneſs* and *energetic Beauty*.—"Inter volitat ſic *Anſer* Olores." In plain Engliſh, "All *Scotch-Geeſe* are *Swans*."

† His *Taſte* and *Judgment* have been ſufficiently ſhown by his patronizing, placing, and penſioning, ſome of the dulleſt Geniuſes of the preſent Age in moſt Arts and Sciences—all *Sawneys!*

‡ When *Mobs* are politically *hired* to repreſent the *general Voice* by *mercenary Huzzas*.

§ Old Word for *Armour*.

A *Par-*

A *Pardon* in the Pocket *Blows* will check;
Should *L-ttr-ll* draw, a *Halter*'s round his Neck.
At *Bagſhot* how *Polonius* * vap'ring try'd
To pleaſe a **** thro' *Wilkes*'s humbled Pride!.
Yet wanted Heart an *Outlaw*'s Blood to ſpill,
Tho' *M---f---d* told him P--rs a *Wolf* might kill †.
Fiercely equipp'd a *bloody Tale* to tell,
And ev'ry r—l Terror to diſpel,
He wiſh'd "*Bed-Time were come, and all was well* ‡."
Thus, too, *Parolles* o'er *L-----ll* lately crow'd,
And all his *Courage* to his *Safety* ow'd.
Sworn Brother to *Polonius*, in his Eye
He carries Fire to make *Plebeians* fly:

* An old *ſhatter-brain'd tattling Lord* with a *white Wand*, in Hamlet Prince of Denmark.—V. Shakeſpeare.

† It was a moſt inhuman and illegal Notion formerly that any one might kill an *Outlaw* with Impunity, becauſe (ſaid *Tyranny*) an *Outlaw* "*Caput gerit Lupinum*"—"an *Outlaw* is a *Wolf*, a *Beaſt of Prey*."

‡ So ſays Shakeſpeare's *Falſtaff*—Firſt Part of Henry IV.

But if, perchance, *too reſtive* they ſhou'd prove,
N-rt-n's ſtern *Orders* ev'ry Fear remove.
He bawls, and *Bullies* ape a *fighting Fit*—
Braggarts are fierce, when *Speakers* roar—" *Commit!*"
Therſites * thus, an abject *Coward* born,
Preſum'd; becauſe *beneath an Hero*'s *Scorn.*

—*Enter Capt.* PAROLLES.—

PAR.—" But why ſo much of *Cowardice*, ſweet *Hal*†!
That hackney'd Gibe of *Faction*'s vile Cabal.
For ever harping in the ſame dull Strain!
Jack Falſtaff ne'er was plagu'd like poor *G-----ne.*
Fear made him multiply *too* Buckram-Suits,
Yet he was truſted ſtill to raiſe *Recruits*;

* A *foul-mouthed, cowardly Braggadocio* in the Grecian Army, quieted in Council by a ſevere *Blow* or two.—V. Homer, Iliad. 1.—*He was* K. Agamemnon's *Bully* —*Achilles* (like a *Luttrell*) ſpit upon him.

† In the Phraſe of *Falſtaff.*

Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd his Capon ſtill, and quaff'd his Sack;
Harry ſtill fill'd his Purſe and cloath'd his Back.
In his fair 'Scutcheon *Caution* was no Blot;
His *Fall* in Jeſt * was, like a Jeſt, *forgot*.
To *his* my Fortune was a ſad Reverſe:
To *me* an *hair-breadth 'Scape* † was Honour's *Herſe*.
By fix'd *Abhorrence* all my Hopes were croſt,
And by *one Frown* " my *Occupation* loſt."
Yet wiſer Ancients temp'rate *Caution* prais'd;
And cold *Delay* to *Fabius* ‡ Statues rais'd.
What to a *Roman* prov'd the Source of *Fame*,
Conſign'd to *Infamy* my blaſted Name.
Since *prudent Pauſe* in him juſt Praiſe cou'd find,
Why muſt my Rage on Wings outſtrip the Wind?

* When he ſees *Gunpowder Piercy* lying *dead* upon the Stage, and is afraid of the *dead Body*.—V. Shakeſpeare, 1ſt Part of Henry IV.

† From the *Sentence* of a certain Court M——l, who *moſt humanely pitied* the *afflicted Situation* of a noble *Father*, generally *beloved*, and were over-*baſhful* in their Deciſion.

‡ Fabius Maximus—*Cunctator*.

Why

Why the ſame Virtue in the *Roman* ſhine?
Blazon his peerleſs Shield, yet ſully mine?
Fabius in Honour was a *Loit'rer* * nam'd,
In me *calm Heſitation* is defam'd.
Rome had been *loſt*, had he got drunk with Gore—
Like me, he *halted*, ſafely to *reſtore* †.
I verify thoſe Truths which *Horace* ſings;
Truths, which have rais'd me to the Smile of Kings.
Thus chaunts the *Poet:*—" Vain is *Valour*'s Force,
" Unleſs *Deliberation* guides its Courſe ‡."
At *M-nden ſlain*, had I not *uſeleſs* been?
Had *England* e'er thro' me *Salvation* ſeen?
My Maxim *Falſtaff* rightly underſtood:
" A *living Dog* may do the State ſome Good;"

* *Cunctator.*

† *Unus* qui nobis *cunctando reſtituit Rem.*——Virg.

‡ Vis, *Conſilî* expers, Mole ruit ſuâ——Hor. Od.

Whilſt

Whilſt the *dead Lion* ſmall Eſteem can win:
Luttrell might ſtrip, and *Faction* wear my Skin.
Perhaps, like *Marſyas*'s*, *Burke* might declare
Its Spoils ſhou'd decorate the *Speaker*'s Chair.
Eſcap'd from *M-nden*, I deſpiſe the Crowd
Of *Patriots*; becauſe *unplac'd*, ſo *loud*.
To me *Minority*'s invidious Roar
Sounds like the Parrot's Scream of "*Rogue* and *Whore*"—
One *Sugar-Plum* will calm *Poll*'s raving Throat:
Sir Robert † us'd to toſs ſuch *Knaves* their *Groat* ‡.
Thus *Maro* wiſely makes his Sibyl ſtop
The Mouths of *Cerb'rus* with a toothſome *Sop* §.

* Flea'd alive by Apollo, for his *impudent Preſumption*.

† The late Sir Robert Walpole. "A *Patriot!*" ſaid Sir Robert, (with juſt Contempt flowing from long *Experience*,)—"A *Patriot!*—Why, Mr. *Speaker*, I could make *fifty Patriots* in twelve Hours. It is but denying a *factious* Perſon what he has the *Vanity* or *Impudence* to *aſk*, and *up ſtarts a Patriot!*"

‡ Alluding to a vulgar Saying, "*Give the Knave a Groat*," in the Mouths of moſt *Parrots*.

§ *Virgil* draws a fine and juſt Picture of *Bribery* and *Corruption* between the

A *Place* to mute Compoſure *Faction* rocks:
" *Probatum eſt*"—cry *Barrè*, *Burke*, and *Fox*.
What tho' from *M-nden* gallant *G--nby* came,
Eſcorted on his Way by laurell'd *Fame?*
What tho' around her much-lov'd Warrior's Head
She twin'd her Wreath, and wept her Fav'rite *dead?*
What tho' her faithful Rolls his Mem'ry ſave
And bid his Virtues live beyond the Grave?
Tho' her own Hand inſcrib'd his ſacred Tomb,
And fondly ſnatch'd him from *Oblivion*'s Doom?
Yet, is not *mine*, compar'd with *G--nby*'s Fate,
By far the happieſt and moſt envy'd State?

the *Dog Cerberus* and the *Sibyl*. V. Æn. l. 6.—Only ſuppoſe *Cerberus* to repreſent *modern patriotic Oppoſition*, *right or wrong*, and it muſt make the *hungry Mouths* of many of Lord *B-te*'s *Countrymen water*—

Cerberus *hæc* ingens latratu *regna* trifauci
Perſonat, *adverſo* recubans immanis in antro.
Cui Vates, *horrere videns jam colla colubris*,
Melle ſoporatam et medicatis frugibus *offam*
Objicit—ille *fame rabidâ* tria *guttura pandens*,
Corripit objectam, atque *immania terga reſolvit*
Fuſus humi, totoque ingens extenditur antro.

Of

Of Praiſe what doth he *hear*, *feel*, *taſte*, or *ſee?*
Are Heroes *dead* to be compar'd to *me?*
Let *Wolfes* and *Piercys* Life for *Honour* give:
My wiſer *Genius* * whiſpers,---" *Skulk*, and *Live!*"—
Horace (a *Roman* too) priz'd Life's ſhort Span:
That Wit of Wits threw down his Shield, and *ran.*
He held it *not ſo well* †— no more do I.—
What then? muſt *Britons* ſtand, when *Romans* fly?
Or is it really Luxury to *die?*
What *Senſe* is gratified?——Did *Churchill* ‡ feel
The Fun'ral Pomp, the ſolemn Anthem's Peal?
Cou'd all his weeping *Myrmidons* convey
One Drop of Comfort to obſtructed Clay?

* The *Plantoniſts* imagined that every Man's *good* or *evil Genius* prompted him to *Good* or *Evil.*

† Relictâ *non bene* parmulâ.—Hor. Od.

‡ The great *Churchill*, created Duke of Marlborough for atchieving ſuch patriotic, gallant Actions againſt the *French*, as our preſent *Macaroni Stateſmen* durſt not *read of*, much leſs *encourage* and *adviſe.*

Ev'n

Ev'n when loud *Vollies* * echo'd, cou'd he hear?
Cou'd *Garter's* † String of *Titles* charm his Ear?
To *Churchills*, *Cæſars*, *Granbys*, when repos'd
In Death, all Avenues to *Joy* are clos'd.
Cato‡, 'tis true, elate with Stoic Pride,
Thank'd the kind Gods when his brave *Marcus* died:
Nay, that himſelf, when *dead*, might be ador'd,
Felo de ſe, he fell upon his Sword.
He was a *Heathen*——*Chriſtians* know 'tis right
To *live*——and, knowing that, are Fools to *fight*.
To Mortals why ſhou'd Heav'n *Exiſtence* give,
And with it ev'ry Means and Wiſh to *live*,
Unleſs, in meek Obedience to its Will,
By prizing *Life*, Heav'n's Dictates Men fulfil?

* Fired by his brave Troops at his Funeral.
† When *Garter* King at Arms proclaimed all the Duke's *Titles* (as cuſtomary) at his Interment.
‡ Cato of *Utica*.

Extende

Extended then on *M-nden*'s bloody Plain,
Had I ſubſcrib'd *one Cypher* to the *Slain*,
Fame in the *Grave* * I might have gain'd, tis true;
A *Fame* too mean to bound a *Stateſmans*'s View.
Chatham, of whom proud *France* was ſo afraid,
In early Youth abjur'd the vile *Cockade*;
For *ſafer* Conflicts quitted *Honour*'s Courſe,
And for a *Borough* † chang'd *his prancing Horſe*;
To weaker Heads the Britiſh Standard ‡ gave,
And held it better to be *wiſe* than *brave*.
Ten Thouſand mad-brain'd Heroes cannot weigh
One Grain againſt *this Idol of our Day*.
His bright Example is a pregnant Proof
That Fools love *Tents*, wiſe Men a *ſolid Roof*.

* "Quæ poſt *Fata* venit Gloria, *ſera* venit."

† i. e. Reſigned (or rather, to ſay the Truth, was *turned out of*) his *Cornecy of Horſe*—He then applied himſelf entirely to the Buſineſs of *Parliament*.

‡ Carried by the *Cornet*.

To *Edward*'s rampant Lions War was Sport,
And *Harry* loſt his Wits at *Agincourt*.
Vain Glory circumſcribes the *Soldier*'s Aim,
He toils, and ſtarves, to graſp that Bubble *Fame*.
He mourns his Folly, and repents too late,
In *grinning Honour ſtretch'd*, however great.
Can State-Interments *, Heralds, Trophies, give
Tranſport in Death?——In Splendour let me *live*.
Whilſt Swords, Pikes, Guns, *Ambition*'s *Fools* deſtroy,
Give me an *Infamy* I can enjoy †;

* At the *national* Expence.

† Captain *Parolles*, after being groſſly reviled for *his infamous Cowardice*, comforts himſelf thus :——

" Yet I am *thankfull*—if my heart were *great*,
" 'Twould burſt at this—*Captain* I'll be no more—
" But I will *eat*, and *drink*, and *ſleep*, as ſoft
" As *Captain* ſhall—Simply the *Thing* I am
" Shall make me *live*———
" Ruſt *Sword!* cool *Bluſhes!* and, *Parolles*, live
" *Safeſt* in *Shame*———
" There's *Place* and *Means* for ev'ry Man alive—
" I'll after them"———

Shakeſp. All's Well, &c.

Free

Free from the Dread of numb'ring with the *Slain*,
And well-protected from my Gen'ral's *Cane* *.
Mine be the pleaſing Taſk, which ne'er can tire,
Of fighting Battles by a Sea-Coal Fire;
Of ord'ring when, and where, to make a *Breach*,
Three Thouſand Leagues beyond the Cannon's Reach;
Of charging *Britons Britons* not to ſpare,
And planning *Murders* in my eaſy Chair.
Whilſt Heroes with dead Bodies fill a Gap,
I'll point the Scene of Action on the *Map*.
Thus I enrich myſelf, and pleaſe my **** ;
Thus *Arms* without *Expoſure* Honour bring:
Thus Blood, like *Mars*, in Rivers I can ſpill,
Not with my *Sword*, but more deſtructive *Quill:*

* A certain *contemptible C-w-rd* (now a *Tool in Office*) had the audacious Effrontery to ſend *P---ce F--d-nand* a *Challenge*—The *P---ce* ſent the *Braggart* Word, that he was *beneath his Valet*'s *Cane*—Yet he may ſtill be ſaid,

Canenti miſeram *Plumâ* duxiſſe *Senectam*.—Virg.

" Some miſerable Years the *Reptile* ſtill
" May linger out, mark'd by a *Grey-Gooſe Quill*."

Thus

Thus *Scribes* and *Cowards* merit *Churchill*'s * Fame,
When by *Extermination* they *reclaim*.
'Twas ſweet to *Romans* and mad *Greeks* to *die* †—
Thoſe Whims my *Feelings* teach me to deny.
I give ſuch *Quixots* ample Leave to *bleed*,
And heartily ſubſcribe to *Falſtaff*'s Creed ‡.

* The Great Duke of Marlborough.

† *Dulce* et decorum eſt pro Patriâ *mori*.——
Upon this *Theſis* a Weſtminſter School-Boy (ſome Kin, perhaps, to our *Parolles*) ſaid,
Vivere pro Patriâ *dulcius* eſſe puto.

‡ See his Soliloquy upon *Honour*, which he calls his *Catechiſm*.—*Shakeſp.* Firſt Part Henry IV.

FINIS.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed, by the ſame Author,
The FAVOURITE, a Poem.

"Is this the *gallant*, gay LOTHARIO?"
Rowe's Fair Penitent.